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John G. Whittier.

at eve had ever sweeter song
e whose voice no more on earth
near :
s and flowing streams more please
ear
speech of Nature more belong.
thy heart beat with the toiling
ng ;
e own the lowliest life was near
ide law of brotherhood was dear,
lful still of all who suffered wrong.
of all the choir we loved so well,
ls can tell thy service through the
s
olonged and brightening to the
?
e call thee of our Israel,
e Spirit, one of God's true seers,—
all, of every name, the *Friend!*

F. L. HOSMER.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

DECEMBER 17, 1807—SEPTEMBER 7, 1892.

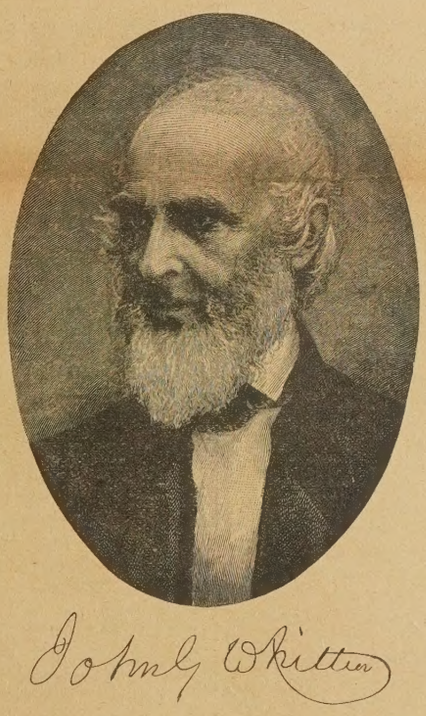
Whittier's life is unseasoned with vice. If, as romantic youth is apt to suspect, virtue is monotonous and morality commonplace, John Greanleaf Whittier presents an uninteresting story. Stedman calls him the "Galahad of modern poets." Like the spotless Knight of Arthur's Round Table,

"His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure."

Yet no more fragrant is the arbutus of the Massachusetts woods than are the lines of their rustic admirer. Not more stern and satisfying to eye and mind are the granite piles of New Hampshire's mountains than are the rock-rimmed years of the stalwart Quaker. No great American poet's life has been so circumscribed as that of Whittier. Country born and country bred, he remained to the end of his life a rustic, shy, awkward, plain, simple and single. Excursions there were, both of feet and mind, into older lands and classic fields, and yet there are few direct traces of these in the gracious pages which he has left us. He remained content to be the poet of New England, *par excellence*. Not Burns himself is more interwoven with Scotch life and scenery than is John Greenleaf Whittier with the nature and the human nature of New England. But if his placid lines seem to poorly deserve comparison with the fiery, restless, genius-laden measures of Robert Burns, we may think of Whittier as the humbler Wordsworth of the New World, not so lofty in his trance, but more allied to human strivings, the struggle of state and the cry of men. For, much as Whittier loved nature, pervasive as are the hills, the brooks and the sunlight in his poetry, not Browning himself was more enamored of men. Like Millet's marvelous scenes from out-of-doors, there is always a human figure in Whittier's pictures, men and women in the foreground, God-quickened nature as background.

If we could forget the man and think of the poetry alone, we should recognize his pre-eminent gift of ballad singing. No other American is comparable with him here. Quaint, playful, grim and noble are the ballads, which range from "Skipper Ireson's Ride" and Maud Muller," to "Barbara Frietchie," and many, many others. Stedman calls "Snow-Bound" the sweetest of all American idyls, and who would gainsay his judgment?

It is hard to divest this poetry of the poet. Whittier is always larger than his verse, at least his face is always present in his poetry, and the blessed man is more satisfying than all his soul-helping lines. We like to think of him as the awkward, barefooted stripling, slipping in through the back door to put on his shoes before he meets, in the front room the young editor, six or seven years his senior, who has driven over from Newburyport, to look up this contributor of verse to his paper, this editor being none other than William Lloyd Garrison, the Damon to Whittier's Pythias throughout the eventful and most glorious anti slavery compaign. And what a theme for an artist was that young fence-builder of eighteen years, transfixed at finding, in the paper which the postman has thrown him, his own lines in type. They were the first of many triumphs, but this was the superlative moment.



John G. Whittier

Whittier was the farthest removed from egotism and held lightly the value of his own verses, yet none of our poets have so sung themselves into their poems. He simply sang of that he knew, and Whittier was best acquainted with his own soul.

To know all of Whittier, we must think of him as the wandering journalist for many years, the never very successful newspaper man, who, like poor Thomas Hood, was often obliged to force the muse and compel the lines to come, because the inexorable master, the devil himself,—the printer's devil, of course—was after him demanding "copy." We must think of him as the shoemaker apprentice. I am afraid he never rose to the dignity of the shoemaker—who sought the lapstone, hoping to find it more profitable than farm labor, and thus to multiply the dollars that should enable him to attend the Haverhill Academy, which he hardly reached. He had beaten out his own measure with the hammer before he tried with the pen to sing the song of the shoemaker.

Then came the martial period. While he was contending for other people's liberty consciously, he was unconsciously fighting for his place in the world of letters, and, in an exceptional degree, he won both battles. So beyond the period of strain, we must think of him again as the eminently successful man of letters, one who amassed what was to his simple Quaker life an ample fortune, estimated at from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars, which he thoughtfully divided in his will into thirty-one different legacies, ranging from $500 to $15,000, largely among his relatives, none of them very near. To the Haverhill city hospital, he left a thousand dollars; to the American Peace Society, $500; the Amesbury Charitable Society, $500; the Amesbury and Salisbury Home for Aged Women, a hospital in Newburyport, and the institute for colored and Indian children in Hampton, Va., came in for a share of his bounty.

Lastly, let us think of the old man, without a family, and yet, with a home and heart thronged with loving men, women and children. In the garden at Amesbury his coffin rested, while, after the simple custom of the Friends, the last words of love and respect were spoken over his remains. Bare-footed boys climbed into the limbs of the apple trees. The Spirit moved several to speak words of loving remembrance. One came from Baltimore, another from Providence, another from Newburyport, Mrs. Dall from Gloucester, and one all the way from Nova Scotia, and lastly, Edmund Clarence Stedman of New York; and then, at the close of the lovely September day, the psalm-like life ended, the body was lowered into a grave lined with ferns and golden-rod, and buried under roses.

WHITTIER adieu! No more thy clarion strain
Shall challenge Law-masked tyranny and wrong;
Thy faith in freedom and thy love of men
Illumed with flame divine thy fervid song.

J. F. COOPER.

HITE, PA., Nov. 25, 1892.

John G. Whittier.

"Lay (him) i' the earth"—*Hamlet.*

Oh, if this poor flesh may its steps retrace
To sunlight in the violet that springs
From its decay; be sure the spirit wings
Its flight unerring to its own high place:
That which was Shakespere moves somewhere in space
Instinct with life and thought, still Milton sings;
And the great voice we loved somewhere out-rings
Where Browning meets the future face to face.

High-priest of Song, pure handed, clean of heart,
Shall thy chant cease because thy feet have trod
The Holy of Holies death doth set apart?
Thou dost but sing a little nearer God.
For Spirit unto infinite Spirit must
Return, when earth to earth we give and dust to dust.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

AVONDALE CITY, Dec. 5, 1892.

Whittier's Delights of Admiration.

It was Landor's saying that we should freely permit ourselves "the delights of admiration," and the phrase is one I dearly love. Thinking of Whittier, it comes easily to mind, for he allowed himself the delights of admiration as freely as any person we have ever had among us. He lived by admiration, hope, and love, as Wordsworth said we all must do. His admiration for all natural beauty goes without the saying. But of all things that appealed to him with their outward loveliness, I think the beauty of girlhood, fresh and sweet, and that of maidenhood, all pure and bright, appealed to him as did nothing else. I have just been reading him straight through, and I have been surprised to find how frequently this note recurs, and as frequently his pen was dipped in rosier ink; a livelier iris mantles on his burnished page.

But Landor's "delights of admiration" inhered in noble men and gracious women, and it is those of Whittier that did so that I have particularly in mind. His genius was intensely personal. Examining his poetry of nature, we find that much of it, if not the most, is to the tune of Henry Thoreau's question when he asked, "What is nature if there be not an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights and shadows in which she shows most beautiful." And it is always in those poems where the natural picture is the setting of some human grace that the picture is most beautiful, as if his genius were never at its best except under the spell of personal inspiration. Of the poems which he has classed as personal, there are sixty-six; only thirty less than those classed as anti-slavery poems, but in truth there are many placed in other classes which belong in this; the two Garrison poems for example, with which the anti-slavery list begins and ends; while the "Ichabod," in which he blasted Webster as with fire from heaven, and which should certainly have been placed among the anti-slavery poems, is in the personal section. What a portrait gallery are those sixty-six pieces and what a gathering of friends! Channing and Follen get their meed of praise, and that to Robert Rantoul to my Essex County heart, sounds clearer across forty years than many voices of my living friends, and clearer than it reads upon the printed page. It was, I think, one of Whittier's many poems in *The National Era*, in which also I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the first time—and the last, 'tis such a busy world. The poem on Rantoul hints at Whittier's inability to be merely eulogistic. If there was something lacking in the friend whose praise he sang, his honesty compelled him to speak out the truth in love concerning that particular thing. Even from his praise of Sumner, some abatement must be made.

In the indifference of his admiration to the sectarian or theological standing of his friends and heroes, his superiority to all sectarian limitations showed itself as clearly as in the most direct avowals of his sympathy with all wise and holy souls. And it was with the wealth of personality that he bought his confidence in the immortal life. If he ever trusted to the resurrection of Jesus for any grain of hope I do not remember when it was, or where. His real ground of faith is stated in that beautiful poem which he wrote in memory of Lydia Maria Child, "Within the Gate." And what he said to her we can as confidently say to him:

"Methought, O friend, I saw
In thy true life of word, and work, and thought,
The proof of all we sought.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Whittier.

If God reach down, whom should he take but thee?
Poet of Justice. Freedom's bard and friend,
Go thou up high. To Freedom's self ascend,
Where throng the just in holy liberty.
Poet of Prayers, singer of Piety,
Fly thou where holy precincts have no end,
Where praise resounds, and thankfulness doth send
Psalms up for aye and aye. Love calleth thee
Her poet, and Man's, and God's. Now go thy way
To courts where perfect love is perfect light,
And tenderness pervades with precious ray,
Nor needeth beam of sun, nor knoweth night.
First to his own comes God, with them to stay,
And then to God his own up-taketh flight.

JAMES VILA BLAKE, *in The Dial.*

Whittier the Mystic.

"For this John, dearly beloved brethren, was one of those mountains concerning which it is written, 'Let the mountains receive peace for thy people, and the hills righteousness.' The mountains are lofty souls, the hills little souls. For this reason do the mountains receive peace that the hills may be able to receive righteousness."

These words of St. Augustine in regard to the beloved disciple, come to mind when one would speak of Whittier the mystic. He was a true mystic, a man of the spiritual vision. In the finest sense he was a Quietist, to him the silence was sacred and peace was the crowning gift of God. He belonged to the order of Thomas à Kempis, and Tauler and Fénelon, and like them he loved to walk apart "Pondering the solemn miracle of life." But his serenity was never bought at the expense of sympathy. What he received he transmitted, and his spiritual peace was an unfailing power for righteousness.

"He walked the dark world in the mild
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right."

Whittier looked within for the light which was to guide him; but looking there he saw reflected all the sorrow and the struggle of humanity. It was the real world which was hidden in his heart, and so introspection and observation were not contradictory. The visions which he saw were not fantastic or unreal. His was no apocalypse, no strange dream from which one awakes at enmity with the actual world. His dream was but the transfiguring of familiar faces and homely scenes in the spirit's light. He lived during the most trying times of our American history; he had his part in the conflict, but he had early learned the secret of the inner peace. Whittier the reformer fought well in the battle of his own day. Whittier, the man of the spirit, speaks for all times and places, for his piety is elementa and his faith universal. The peace of God was in his heart, and of that peace thousands of troubled souls have, through his words, become partakers. Through him the simple, spiritual faith of the Friends, so long obscured by what was temporary and accidental, first found fit expression. Whittier voices the highest ideals of a line of obscure saints of whom the world was not worthy.

"Through whose veiled mystic faith the Inward Light,
Steady and still, an easy brightness shone,
Transfiguring all things in its radiance white."

S. M. CROTHERS.

In Whittier's Memory.

To the earth a poet came
From the outer silence golden.
Little he to earth beholden!
But his lips were touched with flame.

And when wrong was done or borne
Clear outrang his words of warning,
Truth upholding, evil scorning,—
And the power of wrong was shorn.

Yet within his deeper heart
Dwelt the outer hush elysian,
And he sang its higher vision
Till the shadows fell apart.

So the service of his song
To the world he freely rendered,—
Service true as theirs who tendered
Life itself against a wrong.

And when service here might cease,—
Yield to higher, past our knowing,
Still he left, as gift on going,
Song of courage and of peace.

LILY A. LONG.

The Leader of Leaders.

It is this readiness to serve at any and every moment which endears him to all men and women. Nor can any one rightly rate his service to his time who cannot look back far enough to see how much such a voice was needed in times of doubt.

Such a life has been spared, thank God, for efficient service which covers more than seventy years—more than two generations of men. In all that time, whenever the pressure has been the hardest or the sky the darkest, some word has come from him of warning, of encouragement or of direction. Here is a good lesson, therefore, for those doubting Thomases, who at college commencement or after defeat at elections tell us that in our fierce democracy men of the finest mould and of the divine affinities find no fit place unless they attempt the duties of the men who administer Government. When we are told thus that poets and other seers ought to seek places in city councils or in senates, it is well that we can remember Whittier, and the positive and evident service which for seventy years he has rendered to the people and to the nation. The leaders lead, and he has been one of the leaders as truly as if he had worn the stars of a commander-in-chief on his shoulders.

Indeed, it is only a man who is in the thick of life who knows what life is or can interpret its moods to others. And the young men who flatter themselves that by sitting at home and reading poetry and counting syllables and talking to each other about artistic form and cadence and the school of Thingumbob they will ever become the poets of a people and live in men's hearts for generations, will do well if they read and inwardly consider a life like Whittier's. It is the working editor of a struggling newspaper who knows enough of the realities to write the ode to "Democracy." It is a man who has seen democracy behind and before, and from the inside. It is a man who has taken a half-cord of wood in payment for two years' subscription to his paper, adjusted the rhymes of his verses while he was guiding his plough, who has learned to m ladies' shoes so that he may pay three months at the academy—i such a man who writes an ode democracy which gets itself repea as men chop their wood and hau to market, or as they fling t hooks and lines off the schooner the fog. Mr. Longfellow selec five verses from the ode and gave them the fit name "Christianity."

* * *

When, in 1854, the Gods made the leaders of the Southern oligar of America, and in the practical b ness of the settlement of Ka there was at last opened someth which the men and women of North could do, a party of some f New Englanders left Boston for w was then the wilderness of Ka with the proud object of makir free State. They took their live their hands, and many of them with their lives for that noble r ness which sent them there in ance of the whole power of the tional government as it was then ministered. Some of the wisest of the North regarded this adven as madness. Forty people, wi capital of hardly twenty thou dollars behind them, were to go fif hundred miles, to defy that orga tion of slaveholders which, from necessity of the case, would act absolute unity against them. At moment Mr. Whittier printed song of the "Kansas Emigrants."

We cross the prairie, as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged northern pine.

* * * *

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause nor rest, save where the st
That feed the Kansas run;
Save where our pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

The words of that song were in railway cars and in cabins b sods or mud. And where the was not sung, the words were rep and remembered as the simpl convenient creed of the mov which, in fact, was the first wa the flood which overwhelmed th tem of slavery. To perceive instant the importance of the ment, to forecast its success, encourage those who persona gaged in its hardships—this w contribution of what we call a a poet in the great struggle time. It is literally by a thc such contributions that Mr. W made his mark in that great tion which, for the first time the United States a nation.

***

And he dies honored and l this community, not because skill in rhyming, not because careful study of literature, cause in every exigency he sai he believed in the way in wh could best say it at the m With God's help he thought f self, he said exactly what he t —no more and no less—and exactly what he said.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, *in Bost script.*

ESPECIALLY fitting is it th who belong to that race, wh pressions he felt as if they v own, should remember him wi tionate honor and gratitude. the unfaltering champion rights from his youth to his He faced mobs for you wh friends were few. He wou gone to the dungeon or the

ou if the times had required that test his fidelity. In all the long strug- e to secure your equality before the w he has spoken, and written, and rinted, and sung for you. What ill you do now to honor him for all is great service? You have orators ready who can eloquently rehearse e story of it. You will have poets ho, by and by, may sing the renown his heroic deeds for you. Yet the st honor is open to you now and pen to all. It is so to use your ghts and liberties in daily, life as to worthy of such noble benefactors.
W. J. POTTER, *at a memorial meeting held the colored people of New Bedford.*

Curtis and Whittier.

e day of life is ended now,
d on each tranquil brow,
sts that mysterious peace, all sorrow scorning,
e afterglow of day whose prophecy is morning.

vo souls unlike but close allied,
stars, that parted wide,
t in their courses move one law obeying,
to one aim these worked undaunted, never straying.

uth to the highest, this their creed,
rought unto faithful deed,
deless the wreath for sage and singer woven
mortal by the faith and witness of that heaven.

hose kingdom rises in the soul
t as a selfish goal
t the pure spirit's life of love and duty
earing on earththe guise of the eternal beauty.

ALICE GORDON.

Whittier in Our Hymn Books.

A hymn written as a hymn seldom rns out a poem. And this not rely because an "occasional" poem almost fore-ordained to be common- ce, and a hymn "made" to be a nufactured thing, but because the mn's natural range both of thought d expression is narrow, so that ther imagination nor art has free- m in it. An artist-touch too much y spoil it, for a hymn-verse must be ple and spontaneous. A happy ure may secularize it. The very try in it may unmake it as a hymn, the beauty may lead feeling to lf instead of to the sentiment the uty should interpret. Few, there- e, of our noblest hymns are due to se who are accounted noblest poets. instinct warns the masters against trial; and even when the masters ry their hand, they are only less to fail than common rhymers.

How is it, then, that Whittier has en us so many fine hymns? Be- se he did not write them *as* hymns. at instinct was strong in him, and seldom disobeyed it. When he did bey it, as half a dozen times he , the result was not remarkable; are of the hymns *called* hymns in his ex, favorites? Yet to the hymn- ks of the liberal faith, no recent ter, except Samuel Longfellow, contributed so much as he. In Boston Unitarian Association col- ion (with 885 pieces) Whittier is lited with sixteen, Longfellow with nty-one. In Mr. Foote's "Hymns the Church Universal" (647 uns), Whittier has nine and Long- w fifteen. In Mrs. Williams' nal (382 hymns), Whittier has en, Longfellow has twelve. The two of these books borrow largely n the older sources, Watts, Wes- Doddridge, Cowper, Montgomery. our little "Unity Hymns and rals," with only 253 hymns, more ely voicing our present-day faiths n either of the other collections, ittier leads all with twenty-one; gfellow has fourteen; Chadwick, ; Samuel Johnson, seven; Hos- six,—they might easily be bled now; Furness, five; the scopalians (?) Anna L. Waring, eleven, and Eliza Scudder, five; Father Faber, the Catholic, seven; Charles Wesley, the Methodist, seven. Nearly one tenth from our Quaker poet. Probably the very fact that he was Quaker, liking not worship-forms, saved him from being, and so saved him *to* be, a hymn-writer. With scarcely an exception, these twenty-one hymns are parts of longer poems, written with no apparent thought of hymn-use. The hymn-verses simply happened in them in ones and twos, and these, when clustered together, were found to be natural hymns, not made but born. They only awaited recognition.

Whittier was thrice poet,—poet of anti-slavery, poet of New England, its scenery and life and legends, and poet of religious trust. We honor him for the anti-slavery work, are charmed by his New England work, but we love him for his poems of religion. He said himself in 1867, "Up to a comparatively recent period my writings have been simply episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life." That real object and aim in its highest reaches the world will be likely to see in such poems as "The Eternal Goodness," "Our Master," "My Psalm," "My Triumph," "Andrew Rykman's Prayer," "Miriam," "Vision of Echard," and others of that order. It is in such poems that most of his hymn-verses lie embedded. Whittier's trust in Goodness was a perfect trust, a tender child-like leaning on Love at the heart of the universe. It was trust before the mystery of life; trust under the strains of life; trust facing the problems of evil; trust while aching for the nation's sin and knowing the certain doom that it would bring,—trust at that very moment in man's happier and better future on the earth; trust looking beyond death. Given such trust as this, with his poet faculty, and his love for simple forms, and his poems could hardly help holding here and there the singing hymn-verses. But why, inasmuch as most poets are great trusters in the Goodness at the heart of things, do not they also in the same way furnish hymns? The answer to this question lies largely in the point last alluded to,—Whittier's simplicity of mind and his content with quiet forms in poetry. In other cases some subtlety of thought or some elaborate artistry is apt to interfere. In Whittier nothing interferes. It was the Quaker in him that again accounts for his unique success.

Let us trace home our twenty-one Whittier hymns in "Unity Hymns and Chorals." Four are hymns of work and duty:

"Hast thou midst life's empty noises" (65) comes from a poem called "To ——, with a Copy of Woolman's Journal."

"What thou wilt, O Father, give" (85) is a mosaic of lines from "Andrew Rykman's Prayer;" a new hymn, destined probably to find its way into many books.

"O Freedom, on the bitter blast" (66) is from "Seed-time and Harvest;" it would have had more unity, had the first verse been omitted.

"Now is the seed-time: God alone" (90); only a three-verse hymn, but gathered from two poems, "The Cross," and "Lines for an Agricultural Exhibition."

There are six hymns, all of Trust in its various moods:—

Is one life-weary, for that mood there is "To-day beneath thy chastening eye" (109), from "The Wish of To-day."

Is one bewildered by the evil around him, there is "Firm in the maddening maze of things" (108) from "The Eternal Goodness."

Is our heart peacefully accepting loss or pain, we sing, "All as God wills! who wisely heeds" (134); or is the heart happy in its rest, then, "No longer forward or behind" (196),—both of these taken from "My Psalm."

The simple *feeling* of God finds words in "O, sometimes comes to soul and sense" (105), from "The Meeting"; and faith in the better time to come, in "O, sometimes gleams upon our sight" (219), from "the Chapel of the Hermits." Did ever a Unitarian Conference confer and that hymn go unsung?

Of the Trust that quietly waits for death, or sits in the silence after a death, there are four more hymns:—

"I long for household voices gone" (152), a second borrowing from "The Eternal Goodness."

"Another hand is beckoning us" (157), from "Gone": What comfort to ten thousand shadowed homes that hymn has brought!

"God giveth quietness at last" (158), from "The Singer."

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes" (162), from "The Angel of Patience."

There are two hymns concerning Jesus; a tender one beginning:

"He cometh not a king to reign" (96); and another, "O Love! O Life! our faith and sight" (96); both of them from "Our Master."

Still another group, most characteristic of Whittier, is that that affirms the fellowship of saints, the fellowship of souls, and the Love that transcends all names and systems:

"O Love divine, whose constant beam" (213), from "Shadow and Light;"

"Wherever through the ages rise" (98), from "Miriam;"

"Immortal Love, forever full" (227), from "Our Master,"—the third fine hymn that single poem furnishes.

Finally, there is the well known song,—

"The harp at Nature's advent strung" (199), one of the interludes from "The Tent on the Beach"; and a Harvest song of thankfulness,—

"Once more the liberal year laughs out" (233), from lines that apparently tried to be a hymn, but turned out, as usual, a poem holding the hymn,—"For an Autumn Festival."

To fit verses enlisted in this way for hymn-service from poems not written for that service, some trifling change of words is often needed for the sake of rhythm or connection, or to universalize an individual reference. Several of our twenty-one have been thus touched, and in one or two cases a verse has been much altered; the fact of change being indicated, as the preface tells, by the italics instead of Roman type in which the author's name is printed at the hymn's end. But in two cases a change was made for a different reason, to render some word of Whittier truer, as it was thought, for our worship. In the two hymns concerning Jesus, "Lord and Master" is changed to "Friend and Teacher" (96), and (in 97) "Lord" is changed again to "Guide." By many the change would seem needless or worse,—an injury; and the right to take such liberties is altogether denied by some. To me it seems that an author should be grateful and only grateful, if, *with* alteration—provided he be not made responsible for it—he has sung a song which can help other hearts to rise towards God. By such alterations many a noble old hymn and liturgy has been freshened and become a hymn of the generations or the ages instead of a hymn of the years.

But in Whittier's case almost no change has been needed to fit his hymns to the full service of the liberal faith. An Evangelical may regret his economy of doctrine everywhere; a ritualist, his contempt for ritual shown in such poems as "The Vision of Echard" and "The Meeting;" a Calvinist, his open anti-Calvinism in poems like "The Minister's Daughter" and "The Eternal Goodness;" but for us there is room for nothing but welcome, and delight and gratitude. And in this no wonder; Whittier was a poet: and poets, whatever be their name ecclesiastic, *have* to be of a liberal faith; men of a great trust, great hope, great fellowship; men whose emphasis is on life-values, not on doctrines, and whose very doctrines are spiritualized from creedal things to elements of heart. And, besides poet, he was Quaker; and though technically, I believe, connected with the orthodox, not the Hicksite (liberal) division of Quakerism, he really transcended both its divisions and, like Emerson, all the Christian sects, and belonged to the Church within the churches, the fellowship made up of spiritual minds in all communions. Whittier's "Trinity" is—

> "The equal Father in rain and sun,
> His Christ in the good to evil done,
> His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three are One!"

Of God's goodness he holds that—

> "Nothing can be good in Him,
> Which evil is in me.
> The wrong that pains my soul below
> I dare not throne above:
> I know not of his hate,—I know
> His goodness and his love."

His Christ is

> ——"the fatherhood
> And heart of God revealed.
> Thy litanies, sweet offices
> Of love and gratitude;
> Thy sacramental liturgies
> The joy of doing good."

To such worship as that, and to the corresponding thoughts of religion and salvation, his lines are constantly returning.

> "In Him belief and act were one,
> The homilies of duty done."

> "His daily prayer, far better understood
> In acts than words, was simply Doing Good."

> "To be saved is only this,—
> Salvation from our selfishness."

> "Vague of creed and barren of rite,
> But holding, as in his Master's sight,
> Act and thought to the inner light."

> "The Book and Church and Day are given
> For man, not God,—for earth not heaven,
> The blessed means to holiest ends,
> Not masters, but benignant friends."

To him the Quaker's doctrine of the "Inward Light," is

> "Of the creeds of the ages the life and the soul;"

and for that very reason he delights to celebrate the fellowship of Bibles, of saints, of souls, while regarding our Bible and our Christ as the "harmonious fullness" of God's revelation:—

> "We search the world for truth; we cull
> The good, the pure, the beautiful
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> From all old flower-fields of the soul."

> "Wherever through the ages rise
> The altars of self-sacrifice,
> Where love its arms has opened wide,
> Or man for man has calmly died,
> I see the same white wings outspread
> That hovered o'er the Master's head."

These are Whittier's *characteristic* thoughts; and these with little, if any, difference in emphasis, are the characteristic thoughts of the liberal faith. Therefore Whittier is one of the born hymn-writers of that faith.

W. C. G.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Eastern paper, writing from the interior of Kansas, shows in the following paragraph how the heart of Kansas understands and loves the heart of Whittier:

"The day after Whittier's death I was in the postoffice where a crowd was excited over the Sullivan-Corbett fight. As I left a farmer left with me

and said, "Hear those men all excited over a prize fight. All my thought is of the best man in America and to me the greatest man I know of. I loved him tho' I never saw him." I looked at him with some surprise. He took no notice, went on praising the poet, I told him I had an autograph letter of Mr. Whittier. "Ah" said he "what would'nt I give for his autograph! "That man is but a representative of all the old liberty-loving settlers of Kansas. He remembered Kansas in her days of struggle for freedom, and voiced the heart of the State. No state mourns him more deeply nor more sincerely.

Thou who hast taught what wide horizons be,
To the cramped souls of common toiling men,
Living on low malarial waste and fen,
Hast blown across their souls like sea winds free,
And lifted clouds of doubt and made them see
High purpose in the lives so mean till then,
Thou hast at last laid down thy wearied pen,
Hast fled with death, – glad, glad with death to flee.
But still thy life in all our lives lives on,
Thy word hath shaped our souls, our hearts imprest,
On all thy time thy hand its mark hath left,
And if this be to die, then life is won
By dying, and to die alone is blest,
Then man first lives, when he death's sleep hath slept.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Whittier as "Quaker Poet."

The Quakers of the early time, fervent in new-born faith, were vehement, courageous and headstrong; they called themselves "Friends of Truth," and with high-hearted resolve and single-eyed purpose followed the way that conscience indicated. To bear testimony was a part of their discipline, and this they did unflinchingly, without fear or favor, in season and out of season, and altogether regardless of place or condition. For according to their belief the "call" to speak was of divine origin—an inflowing of the Spirit that came to human beings without distinction of age or sex, as well to aged men and women as to tender young mothers, blooming maidens and hardy youths. Without ceremony the Heavenly visitant entered the house of clay to anoint the spirit with holy chrism and the flesh thus imbued with its mission, walked abroad and spake. Unwelcome, indeed, were its words to souls taking their ease appareled in purple and fine linen, so unwelcome that the powers of the land speedily bestirred themselves to get rid of the nuisance by the most efficacious methods of the day. But, lo! fire would not burn, nor water drown, nor scourging slay the strength of this newborn order. For a thousand voices silenced, ten thousand arose and cried aloud, and the burden of their cry was, "to loose the bonds of iniquity and let the oppressed go free."

Guided by the sure beams of the inner Light these chosen people walked in a straight pathway before the Lord. As though led by a pillar of fire, they went through highways and by-ways to whomsoever was in bonds of slavery or sin, to wheresoever injustice reigned, and to whatsoever outraged the cause of truth. And they lifted the sword of the Spirit against all the crying evils of their time. For this work, which was deemed heretical, there came to them a swift punishment from the children of men. They were stigmatized as "vagabonds," banished from home and country, cast into prison, scourged with the cruel lash, and hung, like malefactors, on Boston Common. But, verily, they fought a good fight and kept the faith, and

"So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
And blood sustained in other years
With fresher life be clothed upon;
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon."

Centuries have swept on in mighty courses since the martyrdom and death of these servants of the Lord, but the priceless legacy they bequeathed to future generations still lives. It lived in the blood of John G. Whittier, whose life was a protest against every form of evil and oppression, and it speaks in his Quaker poems, which are an epitomized history of the constancy and courage of his people. And because of the birthright of Whittier, and because he sang of his people as though he had known their sorrow and was acquainted with their grief, he naturally came to be called the "Quaker poet."

While the quaker spirit is seldom absent from Whittier's poems, Quaker history is present in comparatively few, but these are sufficiently distinctive to merit special notice. These poems deal with the persecution of the Quakers from 1658 to 1677 which, undoubtedly, was the period when their zeal was the most pronounced and their punishment the most severe.

According to ancient chronicle, it appears that a daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, Mass., was fined ten pounds for non-attendance at the Established church. Being unable to pay this fine, she was cast into prison, and by authority of the General Court ordered to be sold at public auction to any of the English nation at Barbadoes or Virginia. With this incident the first of the Quaker poems, written in the early life of the poet, is concerned. "Cassandra Southwick" is a strong ballad, of stirring measures, which rings its story across the ages with a deathless cry. It opens with sonorous lines of praise and thanksgiving from the lips of Cassandra, and in the powerful flow of these choral-like strains there is the resounding majesty of an Hebraic chant.

"To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free."

Dealing with the colonial period of Massachusetts history the poem presents the types of the time with a strong degree of local coloring. "There were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold," "grim and stout sea captains," the priest, characterized as "the wolf of the flock," and the "dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land," all of whom had assembled in the market place, to await the arrival of Cassandra from the prison, who was to be

"bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles,
Like a heifer from the fold."

But, haply, there were gallant sailors of the seas in the vast multitude who, to the infamous proposition of the sheriff answered:

"By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away."

Whereupon, the populace in accord with the brave sentiment cried out with loud acclaim, which caused the ruler, the priest and the baffled clerk "to flee swiftly from the market place," and the chains of the captive fell away from her tender limbs and she walked again under the blue vault of heaven. Throughout this poem, in underlying tones, there is the echoing clangor of warring forces, for Church and State arrayed against heresy are stamping it out with an iron heel.

The heroism of the English, Scotch and New England Quakers under their baptism of blood is glorified in the other Quaker poems, which are, "The Exiles," "Barclay of Ury," "In the Old South," and "How the Women went from Dover." The story of "The Exiles" is told in simple verse and the ballad of the Lord of Ury bravely sung. History relates that Barclay of Ury had been a hot-headed trooper under Gustavus Adolphus, and that he was a noble and distinguished gentleman. He became in his old age a sudden convert to Quakerism and was borne to Tolbooth prison through a flouting street mob. On the way, amid cries of

"Ride him down,
Push him, prick him, through the town
Drive the Quaker coward,"

he sat his horse with unmoved front, and to the appeal of his faithful for leave to draw his sword, the lord of Ury answered

"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me."

It is narrated in the history of ancient times that three "vagabond" Quaker women were condemned by one Richard Waldron, of Dover, Mass., "to be made fast to the cart's tail" and whipped with ten lashes on the naked back until they should be out of the jurisdiction. In the first two towns the order was obeyed, but in the third, Justice Pike, "a man soul-free, with his face to the morning light," lifted up his voice and cried,

"No warrant is good though backed by the crown
For whipping women in Salisbury town."

Like accusing witnesses stand out the scenes of the poetic picture in the Old South Church. Frantic womanhood, pricked by persecution to fiery utterance, prophesies therein with unclouded vision.

"She came and stood in the Old South Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With a look the old-time sybils wore,
Half crazed and half-divine."

Standing in the broad aisle of the "steeple-house, with naught but the mournful sackcloth about her wound," this solitary woman-figure cried, "from lips as white as death,"

"Thus saith the Lord, with equal feet
All men my courts shall tread,
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!

"Repent! Repent! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking seals!
Let all souls worship Him in the way
His light within reveals."

Right speedily they caught her and "whipped her away at the tail o' the cart," but the burning words she spake that day live, as though emblazoned in letters of gold on the walls of that ancient edifice, which, afterwards, became a temple of worship wherein all who entered trod "with equal feet." "The King's Missive," is an illustration of another phase of deliverance of the Quakers from the yoke of the oppressor, told in strong and touching verse.

Pleasant, in very truth, is it to turn from the harsh climate of a Puritan age to the milder atmosphere of that time when Quakerism was allowed to live and propagate its peaceful theories. When, nourished by gentle dews and blown upon by balmy breezes, it blossomed into a flower of life uplifting to behold. Then the beauty of its serene spirit appeared in the method of living adopted by the Quakers. They reared dwellings, not to recline therein in comfortable ease, but to shelter under broad-spreading roof-trees the wayfarer and the stranger. Within these tranquil retreats, there reigned a home-life harmonious, orderly, and dignified which had for its guiding principle the precept that the accommodation of the will of the individual to that of the Supreme Being was imperatively necessary to secure the harmony which should prevail between the Creator and the created. The essence of this spiritual sentiment pervades the poems of the Quaker poet and is diffused abroad with a fine and delicate aroma. And in such poems as "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," "The Golden Wedding at Longwood" and some others, the simplicity and dignity of Quaker home-life is finely presented.

From the intimate relation, then of John G. Whittier to Quakerism and its attendant influences, would it not be well to consider what qualities he may have derived from this source? Undoubtedly it gave to him the faith which inspired his soul to believe in the power of individual human endeavor, the fervor which fired his heart, kindled his spirit, and nerved his arm in every good cause, the sincerity which enabled him to draw from his lyre only those melodies which were founded upon the true and perfect harmonies of the universe and that ability to keep himself "unspotted from the world" which caused him to become a "just and faithful knight of God." From all these things, then, may we not regard him as the ripened product of that tree of righteousness planted by the martyrs and watered with the blood, which, extending its branches through the centuries, dropped in its own good time, such fruit of perfected human endeavor as was found in the long and blameless life of the Quaker poet?

ANNIE B. MITCHELL.

DEAR UNITY:—Mr. Whittier officiated as groomsman at this wedding which occurred in 1832 or 1833, I am not quite sure which. The lines have always been preserved in the family and part of the poem was given in the "Memoirs of Allen W. Dodge," Gail Hamilton. I thought you might like them for your Whittier number.

Very truly yours,
MRS. W. H. METCALF.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 14, '92.

I know that the journey of being, is one
More darkened with shadow, than glow with sun,
I know that the purest, the fairest, the
May pause by the wayside, and sigh for t rest;
But for you I can picture no vision of ness,
No change but the changes of rapture gladness.
In a path, brigh as ever Humanity trod,
While ye love one another and go ye God.
Go friends whom I love, if to wishes given
The favor of men or the blessing of Hea
If all I could hope for or ask were your
No change in the hope of your youth sh be known,
But the lamp of your life should burn br to the last,
Each morrow eclipsing the joy of the
And when its last light in your being glowed
Ye should slumber with those who gone with their God.

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Ye have given your vows in the presen Him
Whose ear is not deaf and whose eye i dim.
For the holiest rites which his creature pay,
To the love he hath shrined in its tem clay,
A shadow of that which hereafter shall
The joy of the sinless, the ransomed and
May that love be as sunshine to lighten road
While ye journey together and go ye God.

—*Lines to Eliza Tileston on her mar with Allen W. Dodge, at Haverhi John G. Whittier.*

All greatness is token
Of gifts to unfold;
All the truth ever spoken
Within us we hold.

ORSON WILLIAMM

Whittier as a Poet of New England Life.

Only a thoughtless admirer will claim for Whittier a place among the great poets of the world or even of English speaking people. Unlike Shakspeare and Browning who lay bare the secret workings of the heart, unlike Wordsworth who reveals the inner beauty of nature, Whittier was the poet of simple nature and of the unsophisticated heart. Sometimes, indeed, "the ridged horizon lifts for him its inner veils of glory," but ordinarily he lived and wrote in a segment, not in a sector, of the world circle, and this segment was New England. He was the poet of New England, of its Indian traditions and early legends, of its scenic beauty and homely ways, of the thoughts and feelings of New England folk. We are apt to think of New England life at the beginning of this century as bleak and barren of romance. Whittier himself has described the mildewy side of the life in whose sunny side he delighted:

THE BEST ROOM.

Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless
Save the evitable sampler hung
Over the fire-place—
And in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood,
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed.

Yet on the other hand there were households like that described in "Snow Bound," which furnished the very best soil for poetic imagination. Of books there were probably few, possibly only the Bible and an almanac with perhaps a stray copy of Peter Wilkins, or some religious books advocating the sect to which the householder belonged, but on winter evenings when the family gathered about the big fire, "father" shaving shingles or bending over his last, "mother" spinning or weaving, and the children piling shingles, filling quills or ciphering at the sums set them at the district school, then the stories of colonial days were rehearsed, tales were told of witchcraft and of Indian raids which sent the children trembling to bed, where crouching under the "comforters" they seemed to hear in the "board nails snapping in the frost" the taps of spectral fingers or in the crying of the wind without, the call of Indian warriors. Yes, there was abundant romance in those early days and Whittier has described types of character that the growth of the west and the introduction of the factory system into New England are fast making obsolete; he has preserved legends which but for him would have passed into the oblivion towards which their companions are hastening. As we regret sometimes that "God by his secretary conscience" summoned Milton from the life which would have borne fruit in poetic treatment of the Arthurian legends into the jarring ways of politics, so it cannot but grieve those who love the New England of the past that Whittier was called from more congenial paths to the distracting turmoil of the anti-slavery conflict. But while we deplore the loss of so much we rejoice that so much has been saved. Let the critics sneer if they will, those who have known New England will love Whittier none the less for his limitations and will rejoice in his dear provincialism. Ambrosia and nectar are for the Gods and for mortals in their God-like moments but once in a while

"Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured."

As we read his pages there comes a whiff of fragrance which transports us to the hillside pastures where the sweet fern grew, sought by us youngsters for surreptitious pipes. Ah, that blessed savor of old memories and rush of tenderness which Shelley and Browning cannot evoke but which make us linger long and lovingly over Whittier's most "provincial" poems.

"The heavens are glassed in Merrimac
What more can Jordan render back."

W. W. FENN.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

"O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!"

J. G. W., POEM, 1847.

—"He was a natural poet, and, if he had not been filled with convictions, might have reached this knowledge [that the highest art aims at creative beauty] as soon as others who possessed the lyrical impulse . . . . He made his rarest gift subsidiary to his new purpose, in the flush of early reputation, when one is most sensitive to popular esteem."

E. C. STEDMAN.

Doubt not, snow-shaming clouds, he watch'd you rise
Symphonic, splendor-piling, dome on dome,
From the dark mountain plank; and he was wise
In the charm'd mystery of summer seas,
Or foam-born rapture of the cataract,
That throws a spell on thought; nor common ease
Could lull him when the vague ambrosial airs
Of warm shower-startled meadows smite the sense
With questioning delight. Such gift he shares
With lords of perfect song. Fain to embark
Upon that magic sea, and strictly steer
Through blissful starlight or the silent dark
Towards the resplendent goal,—what swift constraint
Dismay'd him? Unrelenting, eagle-wing'd
It struck him, hoarsely screamed the nation's taint,—
A terror of the night. That scorching wrong,
That shame whose thickening smoke wound foul to heaven,
Burnt in his soul the mandate of the strong:
"Thou, innocent, shalt feel the proper smart
Of shameless guilt; thou, prosperous shalt know
Worse pangs than the dull'd victim—a man's part."
Fiery his poet's baptism, and the coal
Of sacred anger to his heart he pressed.
Foregone, foregone the organ's solemn roll,
The piercing passion of the lyric strings,
All mystic measures won through sweet control,—
No master-singer he, this prophet of the soul.

And thou, O star-eyed one, thou Liberty
We dream our own; who through the shifting mists
Show'st immanent of dim futurity;
Thou who dost wait to bless us with thy gaze
Till in our hearts we look, and cease to cry
On empty names,—in that profound amaze
That, gentle as the ocean-settling snow,
Shall greet thy whisper'd advent,—this, perchance,
This sacrificial offering thou shalt know
Not least amid thy unwall'd temple's hoard.—
The listening passion of the full-string'd heart,
That, thralling worlds, imagination's lord,
Still to strange far-heard tones shudders
The answering chord.

MARIAN MEAD.

Whittier's Theology.

The poem entitled, "The Two Angels," was the occasion of Whittier's writing "The Eternal Goodness." For here he shows how God sent two angels, Love and Pity, and their coming put out the fires of hell. After this was published, some of Whittier's more Orthodox friends remonstrated with him for committing himself to these unorthodox doctrines. Whereupon Whittier wrote, in reply to them, and as further expressing and explaining his belief, that poem which will last in the hearts of men as long as men live on the earth, "The Eternal Goodness."

I thought I knew what Whittier believed: I have seen him, I have talked with him. But, to make assurance doubly sure, I wrote to an intimate and lifelong friend of his this week. I will tell you his name; though he is one of the most modest men in the world, and perhaps would shrink from my speaking of him here. It is Rev. C. C. Hussey, of Billerica, the Unitarian minister of that town. He was born a Quaker, he knows what the Quaker ideas are; and he was, as I have said, a lifelong and intimate friend of Whittier. He was with Mr. Whittier, and had a long theological talk with him, within two weeks of his death. I wrote him, and asked him to tell me, not what he guessed, but what he knew, of Whittier's belief about the Bible, about Christ and the future. He says that the Friends, the Quakers, never speak of the Bible as the "word of God." The "word of God," with them, is the inner voice, the spirit speaking directly in their souls. He says Whittier never believed in the infallibility of the Bible. In regard to Christ, he says that, as he was going away, Whittier said to him, "They would call thee and me Unitarians," committing himself definitely to that position in regard to his faith in Jesus. And, then, Mr. Hussey tells me that he knows that what his verses say everywhere he held,—this large, eternal, trustful faith in God on behalf of all his children. So much for his belief there.

—M. J. SAVAGE, *from Sermon "The Poets as Prophets of the Larger Faith."*

Among Earth's sweeter voices silence fell
On him as well.
Peace wrapped him round in sleep,
Kindly and long and deep;
The smile of God shall guard it till it seem
Love's perfect dream.

Among Earth's nobler warriors, tearing down
Proud Error's crown.
He passes on to rest.
His pale hands o'er his breast
Fold gently down. Make low your mourning cry.
God passes by.

Among Earth's loved and honored be his place.
The light and grace
Of simple lives and pure
Have subtle power to lure
The soul to taste of Heaven. To God at last
His love has passed.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

BLOOMINGTON, NEB.

Oliver Wendell Holmes on Whittier's Religion.

Of late years I have been in close sympathy with him—not especially as an Abolitionist, not merely through human sympathies—but as belonging with me to the "church without a bishop," which seems the natural complement of a "State without a king." I mean the church which lives by no formulæ; which believes in a loving Father, and trusts him for the final well-being of the whole spiritual universe which he has called into being.

It is the office of the poet, as it was of the Hebrew prophet, to appeal to the principles underlying the distorted forms of worship which he finds more or less prevalent in the communities about him. The proof of his divine message is found in the response it meets from human hearts. The creeds of the great councils and synods have done their best to degrade man in his own eyes, to picture him as a being odious to his Maker, born under a curse, and destined, for the most part, to "darkness, death and long despair."

Doubtless Christianity has done much to assist the progress of civilization, but no less true is it that civilization has had to react upon the Church with all the vigor of true humanity, to lift it out of its inherited barbarisms. The struggle is going on constantly, on the one hand to Christianize humanity, and on the other to humanize Christianity. The poet must be true to his human instincts, or "Thus saith the Lord" will not save his message from neglect or contempt.

The influence of Whittier on the religious thought of the American people has been far greater, I belive, than of the occupant of any pulpit. It is not by any attack upon the faith of any Christian fellowship that he did service for the liberal thought of our community. We never talked much about our doctrinal beliefs or unbeliefs; we felt that we were on common ground. His catholicity of feeling led him to attribute full value to the true man, no matter where he worshiped.

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Of his fellowship with the Friends, or Quakers, his writings, early and late, are full. There is no faith that is more real than that which begins with unbelief,—unbelief, the protest of reason against the monstrosities of tradition and superstition. The poet who is true to his better nature is the best expression of the divine intelligence. He, too, speaks with authority, and not as the scribes of the sectarian specialists, who parcel out the faiths of Christendom in their formulæ and catechisms.

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When Whittier preaches his lifelong sermon in "Songs of Love and Hope," I think of the immortal legacy he has left his countrymen, and repeat in his own words, as applied to Roger Williams:—

"Still echo in the hearts of men
The words that thou hast spoken;
No forge of hell can weld again
The fetters thou hast broken.

"The pilgrim needs a pass no more
From Roman or Genevan;
Thought free, no ghostly tollman keeps
Henceforth the road to heaven."

—*From a letter written to a Memorial Meeting held by the Young Men's Christian Union, Boston.*

John Greenleaf Whittier.

DIED SEPT. 7, 1892.

The day he died the world was robed in gray
As one bereft, silent the leafy bowers
Where birds made choral dear, departed hours,
While he who loved so fervently each play
Of light and shadow, noted blooming spray,
And laughing brook, and fragrant summer showers—
All lovely God-wrought things that we call ours—
In the still sleep of death unconscious lay.
Dear, gentle singer, strong as well as sweet!
Thou art with bird-songs into silence flown,
With last year's roses, with thy vanished prime,
With those dear faces thou hast loved and known:
Thou hast them all in some far, still retreat.
Beyond the pressure and the reach of Time.

EDITH WILLIS LINN.

GLENORE, YATES CO., N. Y.

The Singer of New England.

Can any one look out of the window in a New England country town, in the second week of December, and not think of Whittier's "Snow-Bound"? There are "the hills, of gray, the darkly circled cheerless sun," and above all, "the chill no coat, however stout, could quite shut out, a hard, dull bitterness of cold." So long as the spirit of New England is in the land, so long will the spirit of Whittier live. Any one who has ever seen a New England winter, even though it be in a modern furnace-heated house, will carry "Snow-Bound" in his heart if he lives in the

mildest climate to be found. We have but to shut our eyes to see it all, "the world unknown, the marvelous shapes, a universe of sky and snow." Have we not been just as eager to help in that "path" so promptly called for, no matter what the size of our shovel, and when we have sat at the clean, warm hearth about which "the apples sputtered in a row, and close at hand the basket stood with nuts from brown October's wood," we feel we have about all the joy and content that we can contain. This is a picture peculiarly New England's own, and our own poet has given it to the world. Others have sung of our land, but none have put their heart of hearts into it as he has. Longfellow has given us the most beautiful winter picture in his "Vision of Sir Launfal." Lowell has added his word in the "The Cathedral," but they might do for winter anywhere where there is snow and ice, while "Snow-Bound" is and can be only a New England winter, with its pictures of New England thrift and plenty, New England tales of early hardships and privations, New England hospitalities and, his importance well portrayed, New "England's Schoolmaster. In the "Atlantic Monthly" for November, is an article which shows you in excellent English and with clear analysis why Whittier is our New England poet, but I want to give you his own words and make you feel his heart in them. What can give you the abandon and pure enjoyment of a New England summer better than his "barefoot-boy, with cheek of tan!" with his turned-up pantaloons, and his merry whistled tunes, with the sunshine on his face. What is there of the glorious summer life that he does not know? What secret does tree, grass, wood or water hold from him? Is there a creature whose home or nest he can not find? Is there a flower however tiny that can hide its head from him? A pool too deep for him to have acquaintance with the speckled beauty that lurks therein? I wish I might quote it all to you that you may know there is nothing richer under the sun than this little barefoot boy. For him the squirrel plays, the whitest lilies blow, the sweetest berries grow, for him the laughing brook "whispers at the garden wall through the day and through the night." Well does Whittier say, "Prince thou art!" Even as he eats his bread and milk, he has his tent of sunset, purple curtained, fringed with gold, while for music comes the play of the pied frogs' orchestra; "and to light the noisy choir, lit the fly his lamp of fire." As we live through the winter when we read "Snow-Bound," the summer is in our very veins when we spend a day with the "Barefoot Boy." What long breaths we take of the pure New England air, as we lie on the soft turf, cushioned with moss more yielding than any spring, listening to the babbling brook and learning of all his riches more wonderful than Aladdin's lamp could bring. How we bless our dear New England poet, who out of his pure heart and love can bring us this breath of life even in the midst of the crowded life of hot and dusty cities. There is not room for his Corn-Song, but it has not one note that is not New England's very own, and not one who can claim New England who will not make this little change and say with me,

"Still let us, for his golden song,
Send up our thanks to God!"

And so we who love our dear, old New England rough as her climate is, might go on. We may tell of his songs to her other fruits, shut our eyes and see the fields of golden pumpkins, follow him to the table and see the luscious pie, smoking from the oven, carve wild ugly faces in its skin, and even get to the fairy who traveled like steam, "in a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!"

Others have written of her legends, but none like him of her hills and valleys, lakes and rivers. While he has given us a breath of her salt sea as well, we can not help feeling that it did not fill his heart like his dear New England country life, that he has shared with the world and made its own to last as long as hills shall stand.

C. J. P.

There are rare souls that, passing from our sight
To God's Unknown, illume the veil between,
And seem to part a sea of golden light
Suffused with rose, like sunset sky serene.
In after-glow the presence fades away,
That Night great star-like thoughts may full reveal,
By which to read aright a by-gone day
Of moral grandeur; then fresh yearnings steal
Athwart the hour; and poet, hero, crowned one
Is lost in friend; glad faces upward turned,
And wet with tears, attest a service done,
A kingly service, gratefully discerned,
Whereby life climbs like star-flower from the sods:
O clasp unloosed, that left our hands in God's!

MARION LISLE.

Whittier's Insight into the Nature of Women.

We think Mr. Whittier shows his insight into woman's nature nowhere more than in the home ballad, "Skipper Ireson's Ride." They were a wild, rude sisterhood, who meted out to old Floyd Ireson his ghastly punishment, but it was woman's sense of the fitness of things that devised that punishment, the horrid carnival of hate, in place of the merry-makings that should grace the fisherman's welcome home. These women of Marblehead, whose speech was rough as "the rocky lane" over whose stones they dragged the unwilling cart in which rode the victim of their just wrath, had hearts as deep and true, if as tumultuous, as the ocean, whose sound was ever in their ears, and in whose bosom—woe to Floyd Ireson!—slept their loved ones. Their love was changeless as that ocean's unfathomed depths; their grief as bitter as its brine; their hate fierce as its angry waves roaring response to the storm. The love and the grief would abide;—but the hate?

Listen to the guilty skipper telling of the remorse that consumed him:

"Waking or sleeping I see a wreck
And hear a cry from a reeling deck;
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"

"Then"—(and oh the gracious womanliness of it!)

"the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, 'God has touched him!—why should we?'
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
'Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!

"So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin."

ALICE L. WILLIAMS.

A Visit to Whittier.

At Danvers we were less than two miles from Oak Knoll and were soon seated in a little phaeton, behind a rather Indian-looking pony, who trotted up hill and down dale over the lovely New England roads. Soon, turning to the left, we wound through a pretty avenue bordered with trees, up a gentle slope where, behind a beautifully-trimmed hedge of cedar, a fountain was playing, and still on to the picturesque cottage where for several years, with relatives, Whittier passed the summer months. As we paused by the piazza he came up from a walk in the grounds. Erect as in youth although his next birthday would be the eighty-third, his dark eyes glowing with that spiritual light which lingers in the memory of all who have looked on the face of the Quaker Poet. How glad he was to hear from the friends whose love had been welded in anti-slavery fires. How tenderly he spoke of the *Herald of Freedom* and its brilliant editor—almost a half century since his fiery pen dropped from a worn-out hand. How many and anxious his questions for the large and gifted family of this friend. From the dear New Hampshire home they had gone, now dwelling far from the beloved White Hills and far from each other. To one of the daughters, gifted with a peculiarly sweet and sympathetic voice, taught by her father many of his favorite Scotch songs, Whittier inscribed in 1854 the poem entitled "A Memory," which closes thus:—

* * * * * * *

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
And twilight's fire is gleaming,
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
Sound softly thro' my dreaming!

A song that lends to winter snows
The glow of summer weather,
Again I hear thee ca' the yenes,
To *Cludin's hills of heather!*

Whittier took us to his parlor, showing the pictures dear to him, pausing before the portrait of himself painted in 1836 to say: "This was once made for me," and then with a touch of sadness in his voice, "I look very unlike that now." Then he led us to a picture of his early home done in oil. He seemed to greatly enjoy pointing out to us its merit and the faithful portrayal of the place.

He spoke tenderly of his mother and sisters, and then, with almost tragic sadness said: "I am left behind: almost alone." On his table stood a beautiful bronze—the figure of Hercules. Laying his hand upon it he said: "Dear Sumner bequeathed me this. It adorned his desk in the midst of his heroic work. I value it greatly;" and then he added: "I am more and more grateful that I was so early in the Anti-slavery work."

He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to meet members of his own church and made one of us glad by saying: "Thine is a genuine Quaker face!" Speaking of the bitter controversy among the Friends after the preaching of Elias Hicks he said: "There was was never any division among the Friends in the East and for this I was always glad," but that his sympathies were with the progressive side no one doubts who reads his words aright.

He took us into his little study at Oak Knoll, sat down at his desk and wrote some words for us. On the walls were a few pictures, a good engraving, a portrait of Sumner, hung very near his desk. There were not many books.

I fancy Whittier was less dependent upon them for help and inspiration than most poets.

Curiously enough, over the door was fastened a horse-shoe. "What is a Quaker doing with this?" I asked. Instantly into the dark eyes came a flash of humor as he exclaimed: "To *keep witches away.*"

On the day before our visit he had written the poem, "The Last Eve of Summer," and we saw him last amid those very surroundings where he wrote—

"I sit alone and watch the warm, sweet day
Lapse tenderly away;
And, wistful with a feeling of forecast,
I ask is this the last?"

Flowers were about his rooms here and there, many of them exquisite roses. Some of these he gave to us. Our homes were divided by a thousand miles, and as his lips said farewell the dark eyes said, "We shall not, in this life, meet again."

But as we took the roses from his thin hands he seemed to say to us, as he did later to a poet friend—

Take bloom and fragrance from sou
morn of May
When he who gives it shall have go
the way
Where faith shall see and reverent tru
shall know.

M. N. MCK.

At Sundown.*

MR. WHITTIER'S LAST BOOK.

These are the last of the Psalms o our Quaker David. To attempt t describe the impression they make like trying to describe a praye Whittier has no magic with words his is not art, but piety, and if w "wish our days to be bound each t each by natural piety," we can do n better than to con these poems ov and over, as we drink in the last ligh of the golden West. The name o the book is fitting, for the poems ar full of the benign influence of that

"Whose dwelling is the light of settin suns."

Although the poems are not a contemplative, the purely religiou feelings, aspiration, trustfulness, rev erence and love are all touched, i the old beloved manner.

"I trust the path I cannot see,
That God is good sufficeth me."

For those who are growing old, an for all to whom the thought of deat comes, it is good to think of the wa in which our late great poets looke forward to death.

Tennyson's song is:

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time an Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

Lowell's:

"That unexhausted otherwhere,
Whose friendly-peopled shore I sometim see,
By soft mirage uplifted, beckon me,
Nor sadly hear, as lower sinks the sun,
My moorings to the past snap one by one

Browning's:

"Greet the unseen with a cheer!"

To match them all in trust we hav Whittier's:

"I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blo
That whisper of the Eternal sea."

And in the last poem we have, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the ag poet utters his faith in verses as bea tiful as any he ever wrote:

"The hour draws near, howe'er delayed a late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call o own
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all thin gives,
And live because He lives."

F. T. B.

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We must emerge from this gr delusion that numbers are everythi To-day the computation of power by figures; and the denomination t can print a great year-book, summi up hundreds and thousands, flings a banner, forsooth, to the whole la to prove that it is the greatest repr entative of Christianity that e arose. And all the time such a m as Whittier is flatly contradicting t hollow, specious argument. G simple Quaker-like man, sitting do by the hearthstone of every fai stringing his lyre, and singing—what? Singing of eternal goodne of the brotherhood of man, and und mining, single handed, the numeri pomposity of all these other denom ations.—*Edward A Horton.*

It is not how much we know, how *well* we know, that makes wise.

The Poet Militant.

n Greenleaf Whittier was pre-ently the poet of the anti-slavery gle, the Isaiah of freedom. If ould know him we must go with o the battle field of liberty. We stand with him as he watches anctum at Philadelphia burning from a fire kindled by the mob despised his abolition cause. tier was a Quaker, who "thee'd" 'thou'd" it to the end of his life. his fore-elder, Thomas Whittier, used to walk in and out among le Indians unarmed, while his ibors slept behind palisades, with d rifles, John Whittier never ed a gun. But here his non-re-ice ended; indeed one can scarcely ss a smile over the thin pretence. combatant, indeed! Why, he the biggest fighter of them all. fist was clinched chronically for a ter of a century. Stedman well of him, "He was a poet militant, sader, whose weapons were keen ge and seldom in their scabbards." as given to Whittier to become rare and holy voice of the spirit. as been a father confessor to as-g souls, an apostle of universal ion, the psalmist of the liberal . But he climbed to these heights the ladder of conflict. His trust od was born out of heroic battling human wrongs. He rested in eternal goodness," because he had d often in mortal combat with oral badness. The prelude to Psalm," that sings,

"So all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day,"

the wail of the Virginia slave-ier over her daughters sold:

"Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
O that they had earlier died
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamps dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!"

ithout doubt, "The Tent on the h," the Whittier "Wayside Inn ," is the rarest of his verse. these compositions will his per-ent fame as a poet rest, although lls us that this half playful strain "born of the enforced leisure of pain." Yet it is safe to maintain this had been impossible, or, if ble, robbed of half its power, out his "Voices of Freedom," and War Times." Perhaps Whittier's among the seers is established nd question by this very fact, that ccepted unflinchingly the paradox h less heroic natures dread and to avoid, inner calm sought and l through outward struggle. He ht the peace of God by facing the gs of men. He believed in the dence of God because he made elf a tremendous factor in that dence that brought release to ed spirits. He found the rest of om because he fought freedom's es. His heart was so tender be-it was so brave. Says a writer e current number of the *Arena*: even his belligerency was based ve. It was like the fierce defi-of the lioness guarding her young, ther, like a mother battling for hildren; for over all the op-ed, Whittier's love seemed like f a woman for her child." In the reformer was also, by virtue s vocation, the devotee and the st. This is the ever present les-f Whittier's poetry, the indis-le demonstration of his life. And so his call is ever for reform, and his word is ever a bracing one. He is the most Biblical of all our poets. Like the Master, he had a whip of small cords for the money-changers in the temple and a rebuke to those who built the tombs of the prophets while still they refused the prophetic message of their day. They know not Whittier who do not recognize, that, above all else, he prized.

"The angel utterance of an upright mind."

How Jesus-like is this paraphrase of the Jesus text in the little poem entitled "Leggett's Monument."

"Yes,—pile the marble o'er him! It is well
That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,
And planted in the pathway of his life
The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,
Who clamored down the bold reformer when
He pleaded for his captive fellow men,

* * * * *

Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame!

These stirring poems which may be said to voice the fighting period of his life are the young man's challenge, not only to the young men of his own day, but to those of this day as well.

O, young men and women, think not that you can appropriate the high serenities of the ripened Whittier unless you win them as he did, through the conflicts and aspirations of youth. Affect not the benignities of the gray hairs which aureoled the brow of Whittier while your locks are still unsanctified with white. The ferment of politics waits to-day as forty years ago the precipitant of a clear conscience, of an independent judgment. Illinois and Iowa as Massachusetts, needs the poet's vision in its politics.

"Where's the MAN for Massachusetts?—
Where's the voice to speak her free?—
Where's the hand to light up bonfires from
her mountains to the sea?
Beats her pilgrim pulse no longer?—Sits
she dumb in her despair?—
Has she none to break the silence?—Has
she none to do and dare?
O my God! for one right worthy to lift up
her rusted shield,
And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her
banner's tattered field!"

How Whittier loved a hero is shown by the number he has commemorated in his lines,—Toussaint L'Ouverture, the dark Haytian, Garibaldi, Kossuth, and of course his own comrades in arms, Channing, Garrison. Doctor Howe, and scores of others whom he has immortalized, not heroes of brain, not the self-seeking heroes of fortune or fame, but the Christ-heroes, the self-forgetting captains of love, those who rule men through the lordly power of kindliness and helpfulness.

"John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him
out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and
the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks
and kissed the negro's child!

"The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand
forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all the guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the
martyr's aureole bent!"

But not all of Whittier's heroes lived and died for the slave. We must not forget that humbler hero who merited the matchless tribute of our soul-discerning poet—Conductor Bradley, whose simple story of gracious self-forgetting is too familiar to need repeating here.

One more illustration of Whittier's love of a hero—and it must be God's love too, for if any one has spoken by and for the inner light in our day, it must be John G. Whittier—will be an anti-climax, revealing the grief of the poet's heart over moral cowardice. Browning's "Lost Leader" and Whittier's "Ichabod" stand unique in English poetry as a combination of the prophet's disappointment and the poet's art. The one was inspired by what seemed a moral defection in the poet Wordsworth when he abandoned the progressive friends of freedom in English politics and allied himself with the cause of the tories, the other was wrung out of the heart of Whittier when Daniel Webster, the pride of Massachusetts, turned his back upon the cause of liberty, hoping thereby to secure political advancement.

But space fails us to cite the lines through which the sympathetic heart of the Quaker poet leaped out in ringing challenge to right the wrong and spare the misery. So Whittier lived, and so he died. How fares it with him now? We know not. But one thing is sure. He is disappointed if he has found a heaven oblivious to human woe. Surely he is without his vocation if he is where there is no play of human sympathy, no call for struggle and no room for growth.

J. LL. J.

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Editorial Notes.

UNITY, this week, releases itself entire from the formal bounds and bonds of its routine in order to express, however inadequately, its respect for the man that so voiced its faith, enforced its gospel, and exemplified its hope, that they have been carried far beyond the limits of any circle drawn by word and creed, by race or generations of men. This contribution of love, however humble, we lay upon the honored grave; and we cannot think it would have been unacceptable to him. We trust that it may be accepted by Him from whom comes life and its blessings. Accepted by Him, this number of UNITY will prove an impulse that will make for heroic love, sincere truth-seekings and truth-tellings in the world.

WE are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the portrait of Mr. Whittier which ornaments our first page.

THE city of Haverhill is hoping to have the old Whittier homestead of thirty acres secured as a permanent memorial park. How gracious is the perpetuation of noble names in ways that are ever means of grace.

DR. HOLMES on the occasion of his birthday wrote to the editor of the *Critic*: "My dear and honored friend Whittier, whose heart is a corncopia of blessings to his fellow creatures, has remembered me in the pages of the *Atlantic*, where we found ourselves side by side for so many years. May the sands of his life keep renewing, for they come from the bed of Pactolus."

"SNOWBOUND" was written soon after the death of the mother and sister of the poet. In his heart it was a memorial to these loved ones. The physician in the poem is Dr. Theodore Wells, referred to also in the poem entitled "The Countess." Miss Harriet Livermore, the young woman in the poem, has been characterized elsewhere by Mr. Whittier as gifted, eccentric, strong minded, willful and always a religious enthusiast.

A THOUGHTFUL friend of UNITY, when asked to contribute to this issue, replied: "There's nothing left to be said by me, for has not Whittier said it pretty much all himself! There is less mystery, aloofnesss, and perspective about him than about any of his contemporaries. His literary productions are as plain as his religion; it makes one wonder sometimes, how people will think about him a generation or more ahead."

FROM a private letter by the venerable and venerated Martineau we are permitted to make the following extract: "The year is closing solemnly upon us. Your beloved Whittier has left the world whose sins he so boldly rebuked, and whose sorrows he so sweetly soothed; and now our noble Tennyson had taken his wealth of soul away from us, and no one remains who can tell us how its pathetic griefs; and doubts, and faiths have risen into majestic joy."

R. H. STODDARD, in *Harper's Weekly*, says: "Whittier was the first of American poets to perceive the significance and value of the legendary elements in American history. It is a revelation of the aboriginal element," of his love of nature. Mr. Stoddard thinks it was none less exact than Bryant's though it was chiefly confined to places endeared by early association. The woods and wild flowers of Haverhill and Amesbury were to him what the vales of Arcady had been to the pastoral poets of Greece. What Ayr had been to Burns; the Tweed to Scott, and the Wye to Wordsworth, was the Merrimac to Whittier.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON contribute a paper upon Whittier to the *N. Y. Evening Post* of which these are the concluding paragraphs: There is room even in the United States for such a function as that of poet of the people; and here Whittier filled a mission apart from that of the other members of his particular group of New England bards. The difference was indeed antinatal, and affords a most interesting study. Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell belonged more or less completely to what one of them described well enough as "Brahmin blood" representing traditions of hereditary cultivation, if not always of station or wealth. Their ancestors were to a great extent lawyers or clergymen, *gens de la robe*. With the questionable exception of Father Bachiler, Whittier held a widely different ancestry. But here came in a new element of interest. He came of a race which had culture of its own; that implied, in "birthright membership" of the Society of Friends. He could say for himself in good faith what Lowell said only from a dramatic attitude;

"We draw our lineage from the oppressed."
Nor was it from the oppressed alone, but from those who had suffered in a spirit so lofty and with such elevation of purpose as to yield through transmitted spiritual influences many of the results of the finest training. No one appreciated better than he the essential dignity of the early New England aristocracy—he whose imagination could trace back his heroine's lineage through the streets of Portsmouth, N. H.

Her home is brave in Jeffrey Street
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial Knights
And ladies gentle born.

But what was all this to him who had learned at his mother's knee to go in fancy with Wm. Penn into the wilderness or to walk with Barclay of Ury through howling mobs? There is no better Brahmin blood than the Quaker blood after all. It was then as from kinsman to kinsman that Whittier's last verses were addressed to O. W. Holmes.

A FEW times Whittier tried his hand at the Scottish dialect. It is said that Robert Bonner, of the *Ledger*, gave him a cool thousand dollars for the poem entitled "Rustic Bard." Robert Burns first kindled the poetic fire in Whittier's breast, and the master need not be ashamed of his pupil in these closing stanzas of the poem referred to:

"No! let the muse her trumpet take,
Till auld offenders learn to shake
An' tremble when they hear her wake
Her tones o' thunder:
Till pride an' bloated ignorance quake,
An' gawkies wonder.

"Farewell! the poet's hopes an' fears
May vanish frae this vale o' tears,
An' curtain'd wi' forgotten years
His muse may lie;
But virtue's form unscath'd appears—
It canna die!"

WE take great pleasure in inviting the attention of our readers to the announcement in our advertising column, of a rallying place and home shelter, for those of the household of faith we represent, at the World's Fair. We rejoice exceedingly that thus, unexpectedly, we are able to answer the questions which were growing perplexingly numerous concerning accommodations during the coming great festival of human trinmph in Chicago. In our next issue we will speak more at length of this matter; this time we take space only to say that the number which can be accommodated at any given time is limited, and consequently, we hope our friends will make application at once. And, further, that this is a labor of love on the part of those undertaking it. If any profit accrues to the committee over and above expenses, every cent of it will be spent in developing the enterprises familiar to UNITY readers, and dear to their hearts. Make your applications at once!

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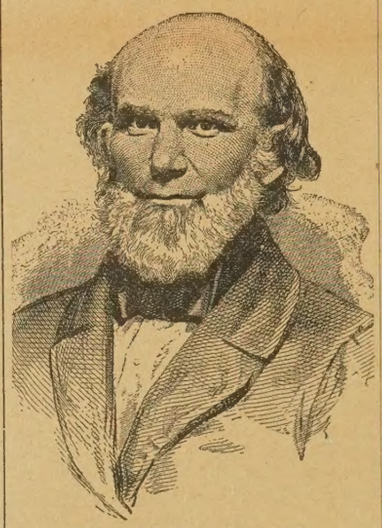

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s.—Love scarce is love that never
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The sweetness of forgiving.
-Love once deepened to respect
Is proof against all changes.
-He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and
changes not.
—John G. Whittier.

Whittier.

gged rock is the mountain,
ck from the base to crown.;
he mountain glens and valleys
here the brooks come leaping down,
gardens of tender, ferny things,
eet tangles of green and brown.

the mountain stood the poet!
ength of the hills was he,
e quiet sky uplifted,
noveless sanctity;
the listening lands heard thunders roll
a Sinai prophecy.

he brooks in his heart were singing,
ging all night and day,
ittle rhyme-mosses nestled
er the ledges gray,
a poet's radiant world of flowers
t-bloomed from the Yea and Nay.

W. C. G.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

ow few of our boys and girls now realize the moral question h the "Yankee Girl" in Whit- s pretty ballad had to settle, but an enjoy the pretty story of the- ashioned girl, singing at her spin- wheel, while the great southern ter comes wooing, promising to her to the land of the lemon and range. Reading the story and ing it, they can but feel the l dignity of the girl who is not ted by luxuries, but turns upon roud suitor to say:

ack, haughty Southern! thy treasures of gold
dim with the blood of the hearts thou has sold;
ome may be lovely, but round it I hear
crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
now that the Yankee girl sooner would be
tters with them, than in freedom with thee!

R. WHITTIER was, of course, a r of animals, and an active mem- of the humane society. *Wide ake* tells the following story, ch will please many a home circle: uring Mr. Whittier's recent birth- celebration he was visited among rs by Mrs. Julia Houston West, erica's celebrated oratorio singer. r dinner' Mrs. West was asked to , and seating herself at the piano began the beautiful ballad of obin Adair." She had hardly un before Mr. Whittier's pet dog e into the room and seating him- by his side watched her as if inated. When she finished, he e and put his paw very gravely her hand and licked her cheek. *obin* takes that as a tribute to self," said Mr. Whittier; "his e is 'Robin Adair.'"

rom that moment, during Mrs. t's visit, he was her devoted at- ant. He kept by her side when was indoors and accompanied her n she went out to walk. When went away, he carried her satchel s mouth to the gate and saw her rture with every evidence of re- ance.

How many of our boys and girls, afflicted with so much to read, so many books and magazines, that they lose a relish for reading altogether, can realize the poverty of the good poet's childhood in this direction as described in this paragraph, clipped from the *Boston Journal*. It is Mr. Whittier's answer to the question, "What are your favorite works?" "O, really, I have none. Much that I have written I wish was as deep in the Red Sea as Pharaoh's chariot wheels. Much of the bread cast on the waters I wish had never returned. It is not fair to revive writings composed in the shadow of conditions that make every acceptable work impossible. In my early life I was not favored with good opportunities. Limited chances for education and a lack of books always stood in my way. When I began to write I had seen nothing and virtually knew nothing of the world. Of course, things wirtten then could not be worth much. In my fathers house there were not a dozen books, and they were of a severe type. The only one that approached poetry was a rhymed history of King David, written by a contemporary of George Fox, the Quaker. There was one poor novel in the family. It belonged to an aunt. This I secured one day, but when I had read it about half through I was discovered and it was taken away from me."

To a friend who sent to Mr. Whittier some verses written by a little nine-years-old girl, the poet wrote:

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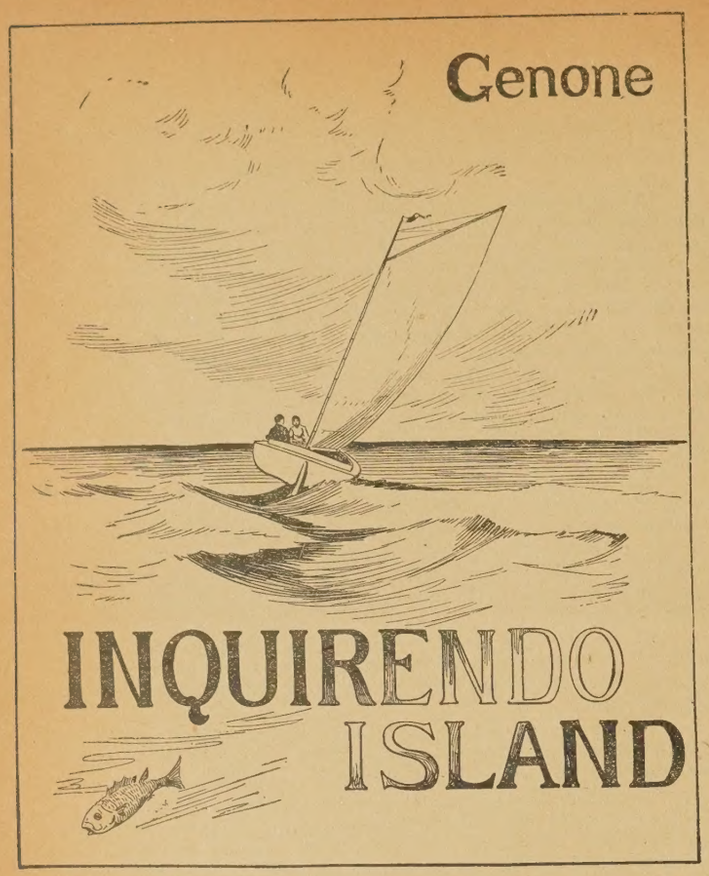

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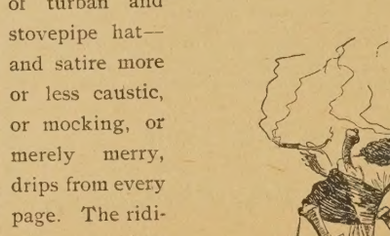

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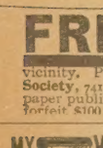

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